



VOL. XVI.



OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN.

YANKEE PLOWS DON'T SUIT ALL.

The many improvements that have been made in the form and construction of the plow, during the last twenty-five years, one would suppose ought to be such that among the great variety of sorts, shapes, sizes and constructions, every body would be suited. This is not the case. We recollect that fault was found in England with some of the best plows that Mr. Colman carried from this country to that country. The plowmen were not only dissatisfied with the shape, but with the work done with them. The editor of the last number of the *Toronto Cultivator* and *Farmer*, in his remarks upon the implements exhibited at the late New York State Agricultural Show and Fair, held at Buffalo, says—

"It was easy to see that their plows possessed but few charms for the Canadian farmer, who turned up his nose in contempt as he viewed their short handled, wide beaded, cast iron plows, and thought of his own iron or wooden Scotch plow at home. It is very

strange that this important implement has not been improved upon a better model than that so much in vogue among our neighbors. Mr. Bell, from Toronto, had two of his excellent plows on the ground, which the society might have purchased and retained as patterns with great advantage. In the cultivation of our soil there is no comparison between the two implements. Indeed a "Yankee" plow will hardly be tolerated on clay farms except for cross plowing, and surely the same kind of soil must be turned over on the same principles in one country as on the other."

Now, making due allowance for the pride of country which every man feels or should feel, we think our friend of the Canadian Cultivator either did not see some of the best models of the "Yankee" plow, or his judgment was a little warped by coming over the dizzy heights of Niagara. It is true, that in some of the models of the Yankee plow, the manufacturer, in trying to avoid the cumbersome extreme of the Scotch plow, leaned too far to the other way, and made his handles too short and too upright, and his mould-board also too short. Experience, however, taught him better, and we have many patterns among us which exhibit a just and reasonable mean between the two. Our friend is right, when he says that "the same kind of soil must be turned over on the same principles in one country as the other." And what are some of the principles? Setting aside the mooted question, which is best, a furrow laid over completely flat, or set up on its edge—we shall limit the principles of turning, award land for instance, to two. The first principle is this: The furrow slice, from the point of the plow to the heel of the mould-board, is, in form, the thread of a screw; or, perhaps it would better illustrate it, to compare it to the web of a screw auger, with a long twist. Take an elastic saw plate, fasten one end to the table, and turn it so that at the other end the under side is uppermost, and you represent the furrow in all its positions, from the first lifting from its bed—its progress or transition over—and its position when over. The mould-board, a wide plow should be of the shape that will cut a slice of ground, of given width and depth, and place it in that position, with the least friction or resistance, and of course with the least expenditure of force. As the plow is in progressive motion during the turning of this slice of earth, it will be found that there is a proper medium of length suitable, to accomplish this. If it be too short and too curved, it will break the slice, and push it over unsteadily, like the crowding of a blunt wedge through the soil. If it be of just the right length, it will lift the slice easily, and gradually—turn it gently and completely, and leave it perfectly reversed in position. If too long, it renders the implement cumbersome and prolongs the friction to a useless degree.

The other principle is: To have the beam of such a length and in such a position as to enable the power, or draft, to be applied equally, near the point of greatest resistance, and to have the handles of such length and slope as to enable the plowman to guide, turn and handle it, while in operation, with the least expense of force and time. These we conceive to be the two greatest principles of plows; and if there were none exhibited at Buffalo, that would come up to the work and perform it as well, with less power of team, and less weight and cost of material, than any our friend can show in Canada, we think we can furnish him some of *Up East* manufacture that will. When the Atlantic and Montreal Railroad is done, if we are both alive and in plow-jogging condition, we will send him one.

HOUSE-FEEDING SHEEP.

Richard Simeon, Isle of Wight, England, has very successfully practiced stall-feeding sheep for several years, one house containing 140 stalls, the other 150.

The stalls should accord with the size of the sheep, it being essential that they should not be so large that the animal can turn round and dirty the trough. Each sheep is confined by a leather collar, attached to a slight chain, furnished with a couple of swivels, sufficiently long to secure comfort to the animal, but not long enough to hang back beyond the division of his stall, and to interfere with his neighbor. A feeding trough is placed at the head of each sheep, divided for turnips at one end, and chaff, meal, &c., at the other, and a small rack for clover above. A cast-iron trough to every two sheep, is supplied with water by a stop-cock from a common cistern. A manger trough, two feet wide and deep, made of brick and water lime, and covered with a wood grating, receives the manure, the sheep standing in rows back to back. This needs cleaning once in ten weeks. Shutters to the stalls regulate the amount of fresh air in cold and mild weather. The manure is of the richest quality, equal to guano. The sheep are healthy, and thrive fast, gaining usually two and a half pounds per week, often three pounds and in some rare instances a pound a day.

DEEP TILLAGE PREVENTIVE OF BLIGHT IN YOUNG PEAR TREES.

One of the most formidable troubles in rearing pear trees from the seed, is a species of leaf blight, which attack them generally in July, after they come up from the seed. Various remedies have been recommended for this. The last one we find in the Horticultural department of the *Genesee Farmer*, conducted by P. Barry. In an article recommending deep tillage as the basis of all good culture, he says: "This season our pear seedlings grow in a plot trenched last summer, more than two feet deep. The surface soil was placed below, and the subsoil above. During the early part of the season, while

the roots were among the subsoil that was brought to the surface, the growth was moderate; but about the time when the leaf blight was expected, and had actually seized upon others in an untroughed soil—they took a new start, the leaves assumed a deeper green, and the growth was two to one what it was before. Why? because the roots had just arrived, in their downward progress, at the fine surface soil that had been buried, and that contained moisture and other fertilizing materials; they revolved in it, and have bade defiance to all kinds of blight thus far."

If the preservation of friend Barry's trees was owing to their roots plowing into a soil more fine and nutritive, why is not the converse of this the cause of the leaf blight, namely: the roots at a certain state of their growth plowing into a subsoil, hard, stiff, destitute of suitable nourishment, and perhaps containing materials, which, when taken into the sap vessels of the young trees, brings on the disease in question?

May not this be the cause also of some of the blights which occur in pear trees of adult age, and which cannot be traced to the action of insects or to frozen sap?

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.

The past month of September has been more wet and cold in Maine, than any we have had for several years—at least, so it has seemed to us, although we have not had recourse to thermometers, barometers, and plumbometers, to mark the comparative increase or decrease of the above named conditions of the weather.

This state of the weather has made it difficult to progress much in harvesting the autumnal crops. Indian corn will not be so abundant nor so sound as it was last year. The weather, during the summer and autumn thus far, has been too wet and the nights too cold to allow of a first rate crop. We think there will be from an eighth to a quarter less raised among us to what there was last year. Potatoes are "small and few in a hill," and a large proportion of those few have rotted. Probably the crop is somewhere from a third to a half less than last year. We believe the root was more prevalent near the sea-board and in the interior. Wheat has done pretty well where the weevil did not abound; but there was but very little sowed. Oats have yielded bountifully. More fields of them were sowed than heretofore, and the yield has been exceedingly good. A third more have been raised this year than during the last. Apples, in our vicinity, are very scarce. The blossoms, in the spring, were very full, but a few cold nights and strong gales destroyed them and ruined the crop. Hay is abundant, and the fall feed excellent. We hope October and November will be mild and pleasant, and a grateful Indian Summer let us down easy into the embraces of old Mr. December.

BLUE JOINT GRASS.

This species of grass is well known to the first settlers on our frontiers, for it oftentimes forms a source of nourishment to their stock during the summer, and makes very good hay if cut in season. It is a tall grass, springing up and growing luxuriantly in the natural low land meadows. Its history, its habits and its peculiar characteristics are not well known, and yet it is deserving more attention than it has hitherto received. It is considered to be a perennial grass; but, from certain circumstances, we are inclined to the belief that it is either an annual or biennial. Our reasons for this belief are these. After the meadows, where it abounds, have been fed down or mowed a little while, it disappears. Why is this, if it were not by reason of preventing its seed from ripening, by which it would be plowed and continued?

In certain situations it grows luxuriantly, and produces a great burthen of excellent hay. We should be very glad to receive information of a practical and reliable character in regard to it. Can any one furnish us with such? If its true nature could be understood, so as to enable those who have low lands where it once flourished abundantly in its wild state, to again establish it in as great luxuriance as formerly, the knowledge would be worth much to many. We have all of us been too tenacious in the study of our native grasses. There are many that might be made very valuable to us, if we but know more of their peculiar habits, and thereby learn to cultivate them as they require to be.

HOUSE-FEEDING SHEEP.

Richard Simeon, Isle of Wight, England, has very successfully practiced stall-feeding sheep for several years, one house containing 140 stalls, the other 150.

The stalls should accord with the size of the sheep, it being essential that they should not be so large that the animal can turn round and dirty the trough. Each sheep is confined by a leather collar, attached to a slight chain, furnished with a couple of swivels, sufficiently long to secure comfort to the animal, but not long enough to hang back beyond the division of his stall, and to interfere with his neighbor. A feeding trough is placed at the head of each sheep, divided for turnips at one end, and chaff, meal, &c., at the other, and a small rack for clover above. A cast-iron trough to every two sheep, is supplied with water by a stop-cock from a common cistern. A manger trough, two feet wide and deep, made of brick and water lime, and covered with a wood grating, receives the manure, the sheep standing in rows back to back. This needs cleaning once in ten weeks. Shutters to the stalls regulate the amount of fresh air in cold and mild weather. The manure is of the richest quality, equal to guano. The sheep are healthy, and thrive fast, gaining usually two and a half pounds per week, often three pounds and in some rare instances a pound a day.

These advantages could not be less in our severer winters. These facts were stated in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

[Albany Cultivator.]

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

Kennebec County Agricultural Society, The Cattle Show and Fair will be held at Hallowell Cross Roads, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 11th and 12th.

The Trustees of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, offer the following list of premiums, for 1848.

For the best stock of neat cattle from any farm in the county, including the whole stock of the farm, working team, dairy and growing cattle, Diplomas and second best,

On Horses—best Stallion, Diplomas and second do., best Breeding Mare, Diplomas and second do., best pair matched horses, Dipl. and second do.,

On Next Cattle—CLASS I—DURHAMS. For the best Bull, of any age, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Heifer, Diplomas and second do., best year old Heifer, best Heifer Calf,

CLASS II—HEREFORDS. For the best Bull, of any age, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Heifer, Diplomas and second do., best year old Heifer, best Heifer Calf,

CLASS III—SHORTHORNED. For any person who shall bring into the county a thoroughbred Ayrshire Bull,

CLASS IV—GRADE CATTLE. For the best Bull, two years old or upward, Diplomas and second do., Vol. Maine Farmer or Cultivator, best one year old, Diploma and second do., best Bull Calf, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., third do., Vol. Me. Farmer or Cultivator, best two years old Heifer, Diploma and second do., best one year old, Diplomas and second do., best Heifer Calf,

CLASS V—LIVESTOCK.

For the best Bull, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Heifer, Diplomas and second do., best year old Heifer, best Heifer Calf,

CLASS VI—HORSES.

For the best Bull, two years old or upward, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Heifer, Diplomas and second do., best year old Heifer, best Heifer Calf,

CLASS VII—PENATIVES.

For the best Bull, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Heifer, best one year old, best one year old, best Heifer Calf,

OXEN AND STEERS.

For the best Bull, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Heifer, best one year old, best Heifer Calf,

CLASS VIII—STEERS.

For the best Bull, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Heifer, best one year old, best Heifer Calf,

CLASS IX—SWINE.

For the best Bull, Diplomas and second do., best Cow, Diplomas and second do., best two years old Steers, best one year old, best pair three years old Steers, best two years old Steers, best three years old Steers, best four do., Vol. Me. Farmer or Cultivator, best team of oxen from any town, not less than ten pairs, best team three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eleven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twelve years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirteen years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fourteen years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifteen years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixteen years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team seventeen years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighteen years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team nineteen years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team twenty-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team thirty-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team forty-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team fifty-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team sixty-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team七十 years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team eighty-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team ninety-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百 years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-ten years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-one years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-two years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-three years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-four years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-five years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-six years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-seven years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-eight years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-nine years old Steers, not less than ten pairs, best team一百-

The Muse.

(From the New York Recorder.)
TO MY FATHER.
BY MRS. EMILY G. JUDSON.

A welcome for thy child, father,
A welcome give to thy;
Although she may not come to thee,
As when she went away;
Though never in her old nest,
Is she to falk her wing,
And live again the days when first
She learned to fly and sing.
Oh happy were those days, father,
When gathering round thy knee,
Seven sons and daughters called there aye;
We come again but three;
The grave has claimed thy liveliest ones,
And sterner things than death
Have left a shadow on thy bough,
A sign upon thy breath.
And one—one of the three, father,
Now comes to thee to claim
Thy blessing on another lot,
Upon another name.
Where tropic suns forever burn,
Far over land and wave,
The child, whom then has loved, would make
Her death-stone and her grave.
Thou'st never wait again, father,
Thy daughter's coming to thee;
She never will set foot on earth,—
So count with the dead;
But the land of life and love,
Nor sorrowing as now,
She'll come to thee, and come perchance,
With jewels on her bough.

Perchance I do not know, father,
If any part be given
My ering hand, among the guides,
Who point the way to heaven;
But it would be joy to tell
Some erring foot to stay;
Remember this, when gathering round,
For the exile pray.

Let nothing here be changed, father,
I would remember all,
Where every ray of sunshine rests,
And where the shadows fall.
And now I go; with faltering foot,
I pass the shelter'd o'er,
And gaze through tears, on that dear roof,
My shelter nevermore.

The Story-Teller.

(From Graham's Magazine.)

A RACE FOR A SWEETHEART.

BY MRS. REBECCA SMITH.

Hardly any event creates a stronger sensation in a thinly settled New England village, especially among the young folks, than the arrival of a fresh and blooming miss, who comes to make her abode in the neighborhood. When, therefore, "Squire Johnson," the only lawyer in the place, and a very respectable man of course, told Farmer Jones one afternoon that his wife's sister, a smart girl of eighteen, was coming in a few days to reside in his family, the news flew like wildfire through Pond village, and was the principal topic of conversation for a week. Pond village is situated upon the margin of one of those numerous and beautiful sheets of water that girdle the whole surface of New England, like the bright stars in an evening sky, and received its appellation to distinguish it from two or three other villages in the same town, which could not boast of a similar location. When Farmer Jones came in to his supper about sunset that afternoon, and took his seat at the table, the eyes of the whole family were upon him, for there was a peculiar working at his mouth and a knowing glance of his eye, that always told them when he had something of interest to communicate. But Farmer Jones' sensitiveness was large, and his temperament not the most active, and he would probably have rolled the important secret as a sweet morsel under his tongue for a long time, had not Mrs. Jones, who was of rather an impatient and prying turn of mind, contrived to draw it from him.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said she, as she handed him his cup of tea, "what is it you are going to say? Do out with it; for you've been chawing something or other over in your mind ever since you came into the house."

"It's my tobacco," I pose," said Mr. Jones, with another knowing glance of his eye.

"Now, father, what is the use?" said Susan; "we all know you're got something or other you want to say, and why can't you tell us what 'tis?"

"La, who cares what 'tis?" said Mrs. Jones; "if it was any thing worth telling, we shouldn't have to wait for it, I dare say."

Hereupon Mrs. Jones assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, as the surest way of conquering what she was pleased to call Mr. Jones' obstinacy, which by the way was a very improper term to apply in the case; for it was purely the working of secretiveness without the least particle of obstinacy attached to it.

There was a pause for two or three minutes in the conversation, till Mr. Jones passed his cup to be filled a second time, when, with a couple of preparatory heaves, he began to let out the secret.

"We are to have a new neighbor here in a few days," said Mr. Jones, stopping short when he had uttered such a much, and sipping his tea and filling his mouth with food.

Mrs. Jones, who was perfect in her tactics, said not a word, but attended to the affairs of the table, as though she had not noticed what was said.

"Squire Johnson's wife's sister is coming here in a few days, and is going to live with 'em."

The news being thus fairly divulged, it left free scope for conversation.

"Well, I wonder if she is a proud, stuck up piece," said Mrs. Jones.

"I shouldn't think she would be," said Susan, "for there aint a more sociable woman in the neighborhood than Miss Johnson. So if she's at all like her sister I think we shall like her."

"I wonder how old she is," said Stephen, who was just verging toward the close of his twenty-first year.

"The 'Squire called her eighteen," said Mr. Jones, giving a wink to his wife, as much as to say, that's about the right age for Stephen.

"I wonder if she is handsome," said Susan, who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village for some time, felt a little alarm at the idea of a rival.

"I dare be bound she's handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Miss Johnson; for where'll you find a handsomer woman than Miss Johnson, go the town through?"

After supper, Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charles Robinson and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game of quoits and a ring at wrestling. And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty, and Patty went round to the Widow Davy, and told Sally, and before nine o'clock the matter was pretty well understood in about every house in the village.

At the close of the fourth day, a little before sunset, a chaise was seen to drive up to "Squire Johnson's door. Of course the eyes of the whole village were turned in that direction. Sally Davis, who was just coming in from milking, set her pail down on the grass by the side of the road as soon as the chaise came in sight, and watched it till it reached the "Squire's door, and the gentleman and lady had got out and gone into the house. Patty Bean was doing up the ironing that afternoon, and had just taken a hot iron from the fire as the chaise passed the door, and she ran with it to her hand and stood on the door-step till the whole ceremony of alighting, greeting, and entering the house, was over. Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron-bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead, her shrivelled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which her open mouth exposed fairly to view.

"Seems to me they are dreadful loving," said old Mrs. Bean, as she saw Mrs. Johnson descend the steps and welcome her sister with a kiss.

"La me, if there isn't the 'Squire kissing her tu," said Patty; "well, I declare, I would a waited till I got into the house, I'd if I wouldn't. It looks so vulgar to be kissing afore folks, and out doors, tu; I should think 'Squire Johnson would be ashamed of him-selves."

"Well, I shouldn't," said young John Bean, who came up at that moment, and who had passed the chaise just as the young lady alighted from it. "I shouldn't be ashamed to kiss such a pretty gal as that any how; I'd kiss her wherever I could catch her, if it was in the meetin'-house."

"Why, is she handsome, Jack?" said Patty.

"Yes, she's got the pretties little puckery kind of a mouth I've seen this six months. Her cheeks are red, and her eyes shine like new buttons."

"Well," replied Patty, "if she'll only take the shine off of Susan Jones when she goes to meetin', Sunday, I shan't care."

While these observations were going on at old Mr. Bean's, Charles Robinson and a group of young fellows with him were standing in front of Robinson's store, a little farther down the road, and watching the scene that was passing at "Squire Johnson's." They witnessed the whole with becoming decorum, now and then making a remark about the fine horse and the handsome chaise, till they saw the tall "Squire" bend down and give the young lad a kiss, when they all burst out into a loud laugh.

In a moment, being conscious that their laugh must be heard and noticed at the "Squire's," they, in order to do away the impression it must necessarily make, at once turned their heads the other way, and Charles Robinson, who was quick at an expedient, knocked off the hat of the lad who was standing next to him, and then they laughed louder than before.

"Here comes Jack Bean," said Charles, "now we shall hear something about her, for Jack was coming by the 'Squire's' when she got out of the chaise. How does she look, Jack?"

"Handsome as a picture," said Jack. "I haent seen a prettier gal since last Thanksgiving day, when Jane Ford was here to visit Susan Jones."

"Black eyes or blue?" said Charles.

"Blue," said Jack, "but all-fired bright."

"Tall or short?" said Stephen Jones, who was rather short himself, and therefore felt a particular interest in that point.

"Rather short," said Jack, "but straight and round as our young colt."

"Do you know what her name is?" said Charles.

"They called her Lucy when she got out of the chaise," said Jack, "and as Miss Johnson's name was Brown before she was married, I suppose her name must be Lucy Brown."

"Just such a name as I like," said Charles Robinson. "Lucy Brown sounds well. Now suppose, in order to get acquainted with her, we all hands take a sail to-morrow night, about this time, on the pond, and invite her to go with us."

"Agreed," said Stephen Jones. "Agreed," said Jack Bean.

The question then arose, who should carry the invitation to her; and the young men being rather bashful on that score, it was finally settled that Susan Jones should bear the invitation, and accompany her to the boat, where they should all be in waiting to receive her.

The next day was a very long day, at least to most of the young men of Pond village; and promptly, an hour before sunset, most of them were assembled, with half a score of their sisters and female cousins, by a little stone wharf on the margin of the pond, for the proposed sail. All the girls in the village, of a suitable age, were there, except Patty Bean. She had undergone a good deal of fidgeting and fussing during the day, to prepare for the sail, but had been disappointed. Her new bonnet was not done; and as for wearing her old flap-diamonds, she declared she would not, if she never went. Presently Susan Jones and Miss Lucy Brown were seen coming down the road. In a moment all were quiet, the laugh and the joke were hushed, and each one put on his best looks. When they arrived, Susan went through the ceremony of introducing Miss Brown to each of the ladies and gentlemen present.

"But how in the world are you going to sail?" said Miss Brown, "for there isn't a breath of wind; and I don't see any sail boat neither."

"Oh, the less wind we have the better, when we sail here," said Charles Robinson; "and there is our sail-boat," pointing to a flat-bottomed scow-boat, some twenty feet long by ten wide.

"We don't use no sails," said Jack Bean.

"Sometimes, when the wind is fair, we put up a brush to help pull along a little, and when 'tisn't, we row."

The party were soon embarked on board the scow, and a couple of oars were set in motion, and they glided slowly and pleasantly over as lovely a sheet of water as ever glowed in the sunsetting ray. In one hour's time, the whole party felt perfectly acquainted with Miss Lucy Brown. She had talked in the most lovely and fascinating manner; she had told stories and sang songs. Among others, she had given Moore's boat song, with the sweetest possible effect; by the time she returned to the landing, it would hardly be too much to say that half the young men in the party were decidedly in love with her.

"I wonder how old she is," said Stephen, who was just verging toward the close of his twenty-first year.

"The 'Squire called her eighteen," said Mr. Jones, giving a wink to his wife, as much as to say, that's about the right age for Stephen.

"I wonder if she is handsome," said Susan, who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village for some time, felt a little alarm at the idea of a rival.

"I dare be bound she's handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Miss Johnson; for where'll you find a handsomer woman than Miss Johnson, go the town through?"

After supper, Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charles Robinson and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game of quoits and a ring at wrestling. And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty, and Patty went round to the Widow Davy, and told Sally, and before nine o'clock the matter was pretty well understood in about every house in the village.

At the close of the fourth day, a little before sunset, a chaise was seen to drive up to "Squire Johnson's door. Of course the eyes of the whole village were turned in that direction. Sally Davis, who was just coming in from milking, set her pail down on the grass by the side of the road as soon as the chaise came in sight, and watched it till it reached the "Squire's" door, and the gentleman and lady had got out and gone into the house. Patty Bean was doing up the ironing that afternoon, and had just taken a hot iron from the fire as the chaise passed the door, and she ran with it to her hand and stood on the door-step till the whole ceremony of alighting, greeting, and entering the house, was over. Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron-bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead, her shrivelled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which her open mouth exposed fairly to view.

The casual glimpses which the young men of Pond village had of Miss Brown during the remainder of the week, as she occasionally stood at the door, or looked out at the window, or once or twice when she walked out with Susan Jones, and the fair view they all had of her at meeting on the Sabbath, served but to increase their admiration, and to render her more and more an object of attraction. She was regarded by all as a prize, and several of them were already planning what steps it was best to take in order to win her. The two most prominent candidates, however, for Miss Brown's favor were Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. Their position and standing among the young men of the village seemed to put all others in the back ground. Charles, whose father was wealthy, had every advantage which money could procure. But Stephen, though poor, had decided the advantage over Charles in personal recommendations. He had more talent, was more sprightly and intelligent, and more pleasing in his address. From the evening of the sabbath, they had both watched every movement of Miss Brown with the most intense interest; and, as nothing can deceive a lover, each had, with an interest no less intense, watched every movement of the other. They had ceased to speak to each other about her, and if her name was mentioned in their presence, both were always observed to color.

The second week after her arrival, through the influence of "Squire Johnson," the district school was offered to Miss Brown on the other side of the pond, which offer was accepted, and she went immediately to take charge of it. This announcement at first threw some-what of a dampner upon the spirits of the young people of Pond village. But when it was understood the school would continue but a few weeks, and being but a mile and a half distant, Miss Brown would come home every Saturday afternoon, and spend the Sabbath, it was not very difficult to be reconciled to the temporary arrangement. The week wore away heavily, especially to Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. They counted the days impatiently till Saturday, and on Saturday they counted the long and lagging hours till noon. They had both made up their minds that it would be dangerous to wait longer, and they had both resolved not to let another Sabbath pass without making direct proposals to Miss Brown.

Stephen Jones was too early a riser for Charles Robinson, and, in any enterprise where both were concerned, was pretty sure to take the lead except where money could carry the palm, and then, of course, it was always borne away by Charles. As Miss Lucy had been absent most of the week, and was to be at home that afternoon, Charles Robinson had made an arrangement with his mother and sisters to have a little tea-party in the evening, for the purpose of inviting Miss Brown; and then, of course, he should walk home with her in the evening; and, when he had got wind of the proposed tea-party, although himself and sister, for obvious reasons, had not been invited, and he resolved not to risk the arrival of Miss Brown and her visit to Mr. Robinson's, before he should see her. She would dismiss her school at noon, and come through the woods, and Charles and the boys had thrown their lines into the boat when they started. And when they reached the wharf, Charles, in order to show that he had been fishing, took a large string of the fish in his hand, and carried them to the house. Miss Lucy Brown, on her way home through the woods, had undoubtedly been informed of the proposed tea-party for the evening, to which she was to be invited, and to which Stephen Jones and Susan Jones were not invited; and when Miss Lucy's invitation came, she sent word back, that she was engaged.

Accordingly, a little before noon, Stephen washed and brushed himself up, and put on his Sunday clothes, and started on his expedition. In order to avoid observation, he took a back route across the field, intending to come into the road by the pond a little out of the village, and the wild grape vines twining round their trunks, and climbing to the branches, while the wild birds were singing through the woods, and the wild ducks playing in the coves along the shore, surely there, if anywhere in the world, could a man bring his mind up to the point of speaking of her.

Stephen Jones was a very good boy, and had a little of the world's wisdom, and he had a good deal of the world's folly, but he had been disappointed. Her new bonnet was not done; and as for wearing her old flap-diamonds, she declared she would not, if she never went. Presently Susan Jones and Miss Lucy Brown were seen coming down the road. In a moment all were quiet, the laugh and the joke were hushed, and each one put on his best looks. When they arrived, Susan went through the ceremony of introducing Miss Brown to each of the ladies and gentlemen present.

"But how in the world are you going to sail?" said Miss Brown, "for there isn't a breath of wind; and I don't see any sail boat neither."

"Oh, the less wind we have the better, when we sail here," said Charles Robinson; "and there is our sail-boat," pointing to a flat-bottomed scow-boat, some twenty feet long by ten wide.

"We don't use no sails," said Jack Bean.

"Sometimes, when the wind is fair, we put up a brush to help pull along a little, and when 'tisn't, we row."

The party were soon embarked on board the scow, and a couple of oars were set in motion, and they glided slowly and pleasantly over as lovely a sheet of water as ever glowed in the sunsetting ray. In one hour's time, the whole party felt perfectly acquainted with Miss Lucy Brown. She had talked in the most lovely and fascinating manner; she had told stories and sang songs. Among others, she had given Moore's boat song, with the sweetest possible effect; by the time she returned to the landing, it would hardly be too much to say that half the young men in the party were decidedly in love with her.

"I wonder if she is handsome," said Susan, who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village for some time, felt a little alarm at the idea of a rival.

"I dare be bound she's handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Miss Johnson; for where'll you find a handsomer woman than Miss Johnson, go the town through?"

After supper, Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charles Robinson and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game of quoits and a ring at wrestling. And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty, and Patty went round to the Widow Davy, and told Sally, and before nine o'clock the matter was pretty well understood in about every house in the village.

At the close of the fourth day, a little before sunset, a chaise was seen to drive up to "Squire Johnson's door. Of course the eyes of the whole village were turned in that direction. Sally Davis, who was just coming in from milking, set her pail down on the grass by the side of the road as soon as the chaise came in sight, and watched it till it reached the "Squire's" door, and the gentleman and lady had got out and gone into the house. Patty Bean was doing up the ironing that afternoon, and had just taken a hot iron from the fire as the chaise passed the door, and she ran with it to her hand and stood on the door-step till the whole ceremony of alighting, greeting, and entering the house, was over. Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron-bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead, her shrivelled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which her open mouth exposed fairly to view.

The casual glimpses which the young men of Pond village had of Miss Brown during the remainder of the week, as she occasionally stood at the door, or looked out at the window, or once or twice when she walked out with Susan Jones, and the fair view they all had of her at meeting on the Sabbath, served but to increase their admiration, and to render her more and more an object of attraction. She was regarded by all as a prize, and several of them were already planning what steps it was best to take in order to win her. The two most prominent candidates, however, for Miss Brown's favor were Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. Their position and standing among the young men of the village seemed to put all others in the back ground. Charles, whose father was wealthy, had every advantage which money could procure. But Stephen, though poor, had decided the